THE CENTRE OF VISION

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAL ART SCHOOL

PHILIP
O'KEEFE

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Motto

"For Art in its highest sense is but the faculty of expression. The higher, the richer, the fuller the life, the happier and more harmonious the conditions, the higher and more varied and beautiful will be the forms of its expression in Art."

—Walter Crane.

"Seraphs share with thee knowledge, but Art, O man, is thine alone." — *Schiller.*

Art in the South

Like the Fourth of July—it's coming. Art in the sunny South! Certainly it sounds well, but "what's in a name" if there be nothing to which we can attach it? There was a time when the traveling artist or "limner" wandered from plantation to plantation drawing and painting likenesses for small sums; and to-day we find a man here and there like Kimble giving us sketches of the quaint Southern characters and colored people, or Valentine, producing most creditable work in a quiet, unostentatious way in his modeling studio; but the South as yet is not developed very seriously along these lines,—and for a very good reason: It was the South land as well as people that suffered during the war, and she could not be righted in a day. But now there is such a field—both to the supervisor and painter; to the one a willing, hospitable, and appreciative people, to the other a country abundantly rich in wonderful material from the Kentucky "razor-back" rooting about the old colored "mammy's" doorstep to those beautiful Blue Ridge mountains of Eastern Tennessee and North Carolina.

It was my privilege to serve, American plan, a course of Arts in the Summer School of the South this past summer, and with all my excellent training and previous experience, it was a problem for a French chef himself. Their appetites were in excellent condition, but not their digestive apparatus, and the instructor of Art must be the skilful physician as well, not giving too much of a dose nor too strong. The results of the treatment are not yet known, but I trust no harm was done, and if good came of it—but there! we are all striving for it, and may we all get it.

I shall never forget nor can I describe my sensations as I drowsily turned toward the window in a Southern railroad Pullman, having turned in at midnight in Washington, D. C., on the night before. I pushed up the curtain of my berth and looked out. Have you ever read a beautiful poem, beheld the picture it presented, strolled through the woods and beheld the same picture, but oh! so wondrously more charming, for it was Nature herself who presented it? Then you know my feelings as I gazed upon that typical Southern scene of which I had only read,—the old log cabin with yellow mud plaster between the cracks, the comfortable mammy sitting on the doorsill mixing "co'n pone" for breakfast, the two little half-naked "pickaninnies" tumbling about her

"No effort that we make to attain something beautiful is ever lost."
—*Helen Keller.*

knees and rolling over the sleepy dog at her feet, the "ole man" in the corn patch behind the cabin pushing both mule and weeder through the rows of green stalks, and the early morning sun in all his warm glory casting his bright rays through the departing mists of the night. If "beauty is Art," then the good old South need look to no other land to find it. What she needs is somebody to tell her about it. And that's what I said I'd do when I arrived at Knoxville, Tenn. And that's what you would have said, and then done as I did—kept quiet on the colored question.

However, there were many other wonderful bits of beauty of which a "Yankee" could speak and to which they would listen with close attention, absorbing like a sponge if presented in simple, clear language. But for them true Art has not reached its full significance. There are Art courses in their colleges and universities, there are supervisors of drawing,—though very few,—and private art instructors, all of which are providing courses such as Massachusetts gave thirty years ago. To them, as to some of our numerous women's clubs, Art means a study of the old masters with the Art of their countries, and that is all. No, not all, for there is a little object drawing in pencil which comes under that head. But as for entering their front doors—I doubt if they have thought of it.

I had the pleasure of being entertained in one mansion, the owner being a millionaire. They told me that he had some wonderful things, and that one of the family was an artist. And it was all true, too. Why, the good old gentleman had a beautiful Venetian brass perforated candlestick that stood five feet high, an exquisite piece of work, too, but he had placed inside from top to bottom some red, white, and blue electric lights, and on the top in place of a candle was a hollow spherical-shaped object studded with big glass gems of all colors. The effect when lighted was startling, to say the least. "Yes, sir," he remarked to me on the side, "I got twenty-five lights in that thing; couldn't get in even one more." Surely he did have wonderful things. And the artist in the family—well, you have seen families, one of whom was sacrificed to Art, and you have beheld her work and exclaimed, much to the delight of the family, "Wonderful!" "Fine!" "Did she do this without any help?" and then when able to breathe freely you blessed the English language. But even this kind is scarce in the South. They do at least herald the good cause and in a measure advance it. Industrial Art, too,

seems to be sadly lacking, and when given a simple problem in the construction of some object, they are as happy as children and make more mistakes, for the pupils I taught were older than I, being teachers of the grades. There seems to have been a general acceptance of things as Gospel truth in past years, and consequently no individual thought expressed. The idea of originality of design strikes stony ground, and it is the ground itself which must be prepared before the seed is sown. Yet this is no simple task, for some of my students said that they were not allowed to teach any color. "Why!" I asked, greatly surprised, "how is that?" "Oh," they said, "the colored children cannot handle or understand it, getting the most horrible messes and combinations of hues, so the superintendents have stopped the use of it." How deplorable! No color because they are not taught properly how to use it. What a boon Mr. Munsell's system would be to such a condition of Art!

So throughout the land such conditions prevail, a land where Nature glories in her beauty, a country rich in everything necessary for an expression of Art. As Emerson says, they "are immersed in beauty, but their eyes have no clear vision."

However, the world is surely growing better and the South is improving. The country is being opened up to enterprising "Yankees"; the Southerners themselves are no longer accepting their own belief in moderation and heat going hand in hand, though I certainly did find it warm, and even the natives quoted the old proverb, as "Hot as Knoxville," and the railroads are more progressive, getting down to the running schedule now of only "one hour late." Even the "poor whites" are beginning to work, and surely the South is beginning to awaken. Already the superintendents of schools have put in drawing to be taught by the grade teacher; supervisors will come next, and for them they must look to the North. Artists are beginning to discover the beauties of their scenery, and not far off is the Art school itself, which must appear among such a refined, intelligent culture to be found there. It is not the artist needed, but Art. Platen says: "A talent for any art is rare; but it is given to nearly every one to cultivate a taste for art, only it must be cultivated with earnestness. The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living." And true it is for us all, and with such an earnest endeavor our great country will be united under one simple bond of Art, "a healing and cementing principle."

R. B. Farnum.

"Every being that can live can do something; this let him do."—*Carlyle.*

A Warning

From the Students' Note Book.

Freshman Year.—Our class numbered just 125, and we began work immediately. Our instructor instructs three days in the week. My! what fun we do have the other two days! Don't have to work very much, as I have the whole year before me. Examinations next week; really, I don't think I can pass. My! how I wish I had studied and worked those days when the instructor was not there! Made out my dance order for the Freshman reception to-day. I begged the instructor to pass me in water-color, but I have got to take it again next year. Our reports were published to-day, and I really feel ashamed of my low percentages. I'll make up my mind to study next year.

Sophomore Year.—How good it seems to get back to school! I noticed that a number of my last year's classmates did not return. Perspective lectures begin and it's rather hard. The instructor says to work the problems out at home, but I guess I'll wait. Perspective lecture to-day. There, I forgot to work out those problems. Anatomy and history of painting lectures start next week. Don't see how I am going to find time to attend three lectures in a week. Guess I won't go to-day. I have stayed every afternoon and evening this week trying to make my past work. I saw by the reports that I barely passed in my examinations. I'll make up my mind to work next year.

Junior Year.—I noticed that a number of last year's students didn't return, and my! what a large Freshman class! Think it will be easy this year. The class is getting ready for the Junior "Prom." I must make out my dance order. Why, I only passed in composition! Well, I never made many, anyway. History of education lectures begin. Examinations this week. Didn't get very high ranks. Vacation begins.

Senior Year.—Our graduating class only numbers ninety. I must study this year, because I want to obtain a position. Didn't attend school to-day. There are three positions waiting; hope that I will get one. The instructor says my marks are too low to be recommended. Gracious! I wish I had studied and not fooled my time away. Guess I'll work in a down-town store.

Dear Students: Although my selections from the Students' Note Book have been slightly exaggerated, many of the statements are true, and are worthy of a little thought on the part of each one.

The Senior.

"Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement." — *Helen Keller.*

The Art Student as a Missionary

The longer you study in the world of Art, the more forcibly you must realize that the advantages you enjoy in the refinement of taste, the appreciation of beauty, and the power of creating beautiful things bring with them an increased responsibility toward those of your neighbors who have been less fortunate in that kind of education.

You do not need to be very long connected with this school before the people of your own community have found it out, and, jumping at once to the conclusion that you must be an artist, have made you chairman of the decorating committee for the church fair, or asked you to make a poster for the coming theatricals, or begged your artistic judgment on the design of a sofa pillow. You know the multitude of things you are asked to do because you are known to be an Art student.

What do these things indicate? Simply this: that whether you have yet attained the knowledge to do them or not, your reputation as an Art student causes it to be expected of you that your artistic taste is greater than that of a layman, and makes it necessary that you should either put up a good bluff, or else sink ignominiously and forever in the esteem of your admiring friends.

When at last you attain the dignity of "drawing teacher," and begin teaching in some place where you are unknown, especially if it be a small town, your responsibility is increased almost to the maximum.

You have a mission to fulfill in that town, you are a new and therefore a potent force, your privilege is a high one. It is not yours alone to teach the young idea how to express his young ideas with a pencil in such a way that from his drawing might be guessed the thing it represents, but it is your high calling to be the refining influence in the community where fortune has placed you.

Your room, even if you have but one, must be such an embodiment of all that is good in room furnishing and decoration that those who are lucky enough to visit you in it will carry away a new sense of the possibility of beauty in their own home. Your classroom must have an atmosphere about it that will cause your pupils to gradually, though perhaps unconsciously, develop a power of discernment between the good and the bad and to long for the good. Your very personality must be such that people will regard you as a criterion of good taste, and watch you that they may read approval or disapproval in your manner.

[Continued on page 12.]

ALUMNI NOTES

Jean Kimber, Pittsburgh Academy.

"Forenoon and afternoon and night;
Forenoon and afternoon and night;
Forenoon—and what!
The empty song repeats itself no more—
Yea! that is life. Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer—
And time is conquered and thy victory won."

No more appropriate words than these of Edward Sill could we choose for our guide in beginning the winter's work. If, after the pleasures of vacation, the daily round seems long, the routine monotonous, let us remember them. Then let us turn to our daily task with such enthusiasm that we shall indeed conquer time.

We acknowledge gratefully letters and postals from many of the alumni. The interest in this column is growing and should continue to do so. If each of you who read will send but one item or make but one suggestion, we shall accomplish wonders. "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," you know!

All undergraduates, as well as members of the Alumni Association, should keep informed about the International Congress on Art Education to be held next August in London. Circulars recently sent out by the official committee for the United States explain the purpose of the congress and the plan of representation adopted for this country.

This plan consists of a comprehensive exhibit of work in drawing, design, and handicraft from all grades of public and private schools, and of a "Conspectus of American Art Education," to be compiled by Dr James Parton Haney.

The money required for these purposes is not appropriated, as in many countries, by the government, but must be raised by private subscriptions. It is hoped that all who can will contribute to this cause. Checks may be made payable to Cheshire Lowton Boone, Treasurer of the Working Fund, Montclair, N. J.

A full account of the progress made at the meeting of the International Committee this summer, where our country was represented by Henry Turner Bailey, '87, will be given in the October School Arts Book.

"Only he who works knows what enjoyment and refreshment are."
— *Carl Hiltz.*

We would be glad to hear of other class organizations like that of '03. Every year the class meets, elects new officers, and, best of all, publishes a Roster containing the name, address, and situation of each member of the class. What pleasure and encouragement this Roster must be to those who are too far away to attend the meetings! We heartily agree with J. Winthrop Andrews, president of the class, who writes: "More classes should do this." Will you let us know if your class has a better or a similar plan?

Four prize competitions of interest to our readers are announced in the October Craftsman, which contains conditions and a list of prizes. These competitions are open to all, whether subscribers to the Craftsman or not. One is for a "Design for Textile Decoration in Applique"; the other three are for papers on "The Right Use of Ornament for Furniture," "The Arts and Crafts Movement in America," and "The Relation of Manual Training in the Public School to Industrial Education and Efficiency."

'95. Charles W. Furlong, president of the alumni, has left for Patagonia, in the interests of the Century Company.

'96. Robert H. Greene is assistant superintendent of the Baron de Hirsch Trade School in New York. Of this progressive school we hope to write fully in a later number.

'98. The marriage on September 18 of Miss Jennie M. Jackson to F. H. Wood has been announced. Miss Jackson has been for two years past a successful teacher of freehand and mechanical drawing in the Pittsburgh Academy. As Mrs. Wood, her home will be in Monessen, Penn.

'03. J. Winthrop Andrews, who has been teaching in Chicopee, Mass., has been appointed director of manual arts in New Britain, Conn.

'05. Miss Lila B. Merriam has resigned from her position as supervisor of drawing in Rockport, Mass., in order to become a grade teacher in the same city.

Raymond W. Perry is instructor in sloyd and manual training in Lewiston, Me.; Willis E. Higgins, who has taught there for the past two years, has taken a position in Somerville, Mass.

'06. The class reunion, which took the form of a picnic at Nantasket, was attended by a baker's dozen. Engagements, prospective weddings, and "positions" were discussed—together with lunch!

"Men are born to succeed not to fail." — *Thoreau.*

The engagement of Miss Gladys Omey to Mr. Chadwick is announced. Guido Luigi Carpi and Miss Jeannette Hallet, '07, were married in September, and will reside in Manchester, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Gracey, who taught in Michigan last year, are now living in Amherst, Mass., where Mr. Gracey is instructor in mechanical drawing and landscape gardening at the State Agricultural College.

Royal Bailey Farnum taught during the month of July in the Summer School of the South at Knoxville, Tenn. He has now returned to Cleveland, O., where he devotes two days to work in the High School and the remaining time to his normal class in the Cleveland School of Arts. Miss Grace Stack and Miss Hannah McDonough taught in the Boston Summer Schools.

'07. Miss Helen Morton has been appointed assistant supervisor in Haverhill, Mass.

The Art Student as a Missionary

[Continued from page 9.]

All this must be done, however, in a way that will not provoke antagonism. You must make your presence welcome, not dreaded. People do not like to be told that the things they have always been used to and perhaps have grown to love are ugly. You do not need to point out the ugly spot in their surroundings, but rather lead them to see how much more beautiful is the spot which you might make of it.

It is not unfounded bragging to say that the graduates of this school have exercised an influence for the refining of artistic taste that can never be fully estimated. It is only necessary to mention a few names, such as Henry Turner Bailey, Walter Sargent, John Frederic Hopkins, Herman McNeil, Will Taylor, and others quite as illustrious, to recognize that. It is not probable that any of you will go to a place where the name and fame of this school or its graduates have not reached.

Let us, then, feel the burden that is upon us, rather the privilege we enjoy as missionaries of beauty, and, like the missionaries of the Cross, spread an influence for the appreciation of the beauty in this beautiful world of ours that shall spread and thrive long after we are gone.

And now that I have gotten this out of my system, I feel better.

Uncle Martin.

ART NOTES

S. Annette Washburn

In the October number of Scribner's Magazine is a very instructive and interesting article on that "Great Spanish Artist, Joaquin Sorolla-Y-Bastida," by Charles M. Kurty. It is profusely illustrated by reproductions from paintings by the great artist. In speaking of Sorolla's pictures, which were exhibited at the Chicago International Exposition, 1903, he says:—

"Perhaps the picture in the Spanish section which attracted more attention than any other was 'Another Marguerite,' a large canvas with figures of almost life size, painted in a broad, simple, but very adequate manner, and making a new and very distinctive individuality in the world of art."

The painting is now owned by the Museum of Fine Arts at St. Louis, and is reproduced in the article.

It represents a young woman, with downcast head and an expression of deep suffering on her face, sitting, manacled, in a Spanish third-class carriage. Armed guards sit behind her. Beside her is a bundle with an orange and white checked covering, containing her poor belongings. The sides of the compartment are painted a dull yellow, the guards wear dark blue coats with dark red facings, and the woman a black dress with white spots, and a dark shawl.

The painting is remarkable for its chiaro scuro. The effect of the warm sunlight falling on the benches at the right, and the cool reflection on the end of the car from the windows at the left are realistic in the extreme. As a study of gradations of light and shadow, of values, and of fine tone and harmonious color, the work is exceptional. And yet admirable as is the picture, it now must be regarded mainly as an expression of the promise given of the splendid work to follow it—work to place the painter in the same artistic rank with Sargent and Zorn.

The article goes on to describe other later pictures, and gives a good criticism of them, as well as a sketch of the painter's life. There are sixteen good half-tone reproductions with the article for an ambitious Art student to study.

"Make yourself necessary to the world, and the world will give you bread." — *Emerson.*

There are two new Gilbert Stuarts at the Art Museum. An interesting Sully has also recently been hung.

In the September Chautauquan, "The Story of American Painting Foreword," by Edwina Spencer, is instructive, and is illustrated by reproductions of some of the paintings referred to. There is a list of accessible paintings of the period. Many of them are in Boston.,

In the Transcript of October 5 is an article on "The International Congress of Art Teachers," to be held in London next August, probably during the week of August 3.

The October issue of the Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin contains an article by Mr. Gilman on "The Three Dutch Painters," lately bought from the Balfour collection, those by Jan Van Goyen, Jan Miense Molenaer, and Melchior d'Hondekoeter. There is also a fourth picture by Bakhysen in the group which is not mentioned by the author.

The Bulletin also states that "It is expected that all of the foundations of the new building will be completed by November 1."

Not Soon — But Now

We've been with nature and the birds,
The frisking cows and browsing herds,
We've taken a plunge in ocean's brine,
Or caught some fish with hook and line;
We've taken a stroll or trolley ride,
With our best love close by our side.
But now we come with parchments new,
And the idea we've work to do
Not Soon--But Now!

"Joy is as much a virtue as beneficence is." — *Henry van Dyke.*

Practical Uses of Art

(Overheard in a Country Store.)

"Talk about the practical uses of Art," said the admiring father. "You know Mary's at an Art school in Copley square in Boston; goes in every day. Yes, it costs considerable, for Mary has to dress as the others. It being her first year there, first impressions with the teachers are very important. So it does cost, but what Mary saves us just more than pays for it.

"To begin with, there isn't a faded doily or tidy in the house. Mary paints the strawberries and things all bright again each time they're washed. The green plush parlor set got all sort of yellow, but was it a sticker to Mary? No. She covers it with a wash of blue, and it came out green, green as grass! Fine!

"Then little Genevieve's white dress got stained with red berry juice, and Mary she gets out her paint and paints the red white again. It stands washin', too. And the cow I sold last week for $40 wasn't worth $10, had patches, all white and raw. I says kind of sad one day: 'I'll never pan that off on no right-seeing man.'

"Says Mary: 'I'll fix it,' and she paints hair on the cow. Mebbe the man hasn't found out yet. Mary was so clever that the old woman who's been yearning for an ebony coffin with silver handles said when she died an oak box would do, for Mary would paint the ebony and handles, and nobody'd know. Then the money could be used to buy a new kitchen oilcloth.

"Mary heard her. 'I'll paint the oilcloth now,' says Mary. So she drove us all out the kitchen, and we had cold tea on the porch, but in the morning we looked and saw a cloth all yellow with gray ships sailin' on a sunset sky. We feel like treading on air with such a kitchen floor, and when jealous Mrs. Grimes next door came in to borrow an agate mixin' bowl, she couldn't find no fault with the floor, so she says about the mixin' bowl, 'I'll be buyin' a new one, I'm thinkin', for this is rusty.'

"So Mary got an idea, an' next day she painted all the crockery a gorgeous red that does one's heart good and makes ma sing at her cookin', it's so cheery like, with the yellow floor.

"Mary's more of a savin' to us than an expense, and she's sure to marry well, too, in the end, for Dan Surry at the post-office, and the parson's son, and all the fellers in the town gets took by the idea of an artist sweetheart."

EDITORIALS

"Excellence in Art is to be attained only by active effort, and not by passive impressions; by the manly overcoming of difficulties; by patient struggle against adverse circumstances; by the thrifty use of moderate opportunities." — *Hillard.*

We welcome our new school year, also our many teachers, classmates, and friends. Do we fully realize that we have passed another milestone? And as we look back into our past we see room for improvement, yet we feel much has been accomplished. Our experience gained does not look so great to us now, but is of vast importance, and will mean much in our future life. And let us pay in these few years of our early life more attention to the developing of our characters, as success in whatever we undertake must have for its foundation a good, sound, moral character.

This paper is growing stronger and also gaining a hold on the students and alumni. It is very encouraging to note this advance in school spirit, particularly so to those who give their time and energy to the support and advancement of the representative school paper. So, students, and alumni, this is your paper, and it is just what you make it. It does not belong to the staff, who only act as publishers of the material which comes before them, but each individual student holds a share of its multiplied stock, and it is their duty to raise this stock to its highest possible value.

"Fate loves the fearless." — *Lowell.*

We welcome the Freshmen to our institution, and hope that the time spent here will be helpful and cheerful, and let us as upper class students consider the words of Henry Ward Beecher: "As flowers carry dew-drops, trembling on the edges of petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving; and at the first breath of heavenly flavor, let down the shower perfumed with the heart's gratitude."

We wish to call the attention of the students to the advertising matter of the paper, and to patronize the solicitors, as it is the main support of the paper. When patronizing our advertisers please mention the CENTRE OF VISION.

Just another word to those who have not subscribed to the CENTRE OF VISION. Many have good intentions, and do buy a copy of each issue as it appears, but what we want to abolish and strenuously object to is the "grafters." The grafter is always borrowing his neighbor's paper, or is reading it over his next-door neighbor's shoulder, and never gives the publication his support. He is the severest of criticisers, too. If the grafter that we speak of is so situated that he is not able to purchase a copy, and is not quite interested enough to do so, and still is curious to see it, send him to the editor. He will be glad to loan the unfortunate a copy.

Beginning in the November number, a series of half-tone cuts will be started. A photograph of one studio will be taken each month, with the students at their daily work. One of the half-tones will be published in the CENTRE OF VISION each month, until the June number.

"Mistakes are opportunities for learning." — *Emerson.*

School Notes

Welcome, 1911!

Look out, now, June will be here.

"Lend me this," "Lend me that." Ever hear that about the studios? Let us buy for ourselves.

Come, classes, it's time to have your class formed for this year. A little school spirit!

Somebody inquired of the students of Mr. Major's studio on the second floor if they were rehearsing for Gibson's "Their First Quarrel," the partition separating the boys and girls. Oh, no! The fellows visit their neighbors once in a while.

Don't be frightened, Freshmen. The more you show yourself in a gentlemanly and ladylike manner, the more we think of you. The paper is yours, Nef. Sed. Contribute.

We note that the male gender in the Public School Class is represented by a lone one. "Mabie" he'll enjoy himself.

We are glad to hear that Miss Ina Calif, of Mr. Major's 1909 class, is slowly gaining in health from her long illness of typhoid fever.

Did you neglect the fine weather the weather man has been treating us to of late? My, how the sketches ought to pour in!

All eyes are looking for the date of the Freshman reception. Keep them open, it's coming soon.

At a meeting of the class of 1910 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Aldro T. Hibbard; vice-president, Mary E. Derby; secretary, A. Lulu Hall; treasurer, Alvan D. Thayer; executive committee. Miss Willard, Miss Woodbury, Mr. Shattuck. Mr. Thayer wishes all class dues to be paid as promptly as possible.

At a meeting of the editorial board of the CENTRE OF VISION the following class editors were appointed: 1908, Margaret F. Brown, Charles R. Mabie; 1909, Constance M. Bevan, Daniel R. Stewart; 1910, Alice H. Stephens, Edgar R. Breed; 1911, Bernice Staples, Charles Davis.

The subscribers of the CENTRE OF VISION will obtain their copies each month from their class editors.

Be sure to keep your weather eye open for the removal of Wadsworth, Howland, & Co. to their new store. Many bargains are offered.

E. B. Ayer

The editors of this paper extend a hearty greeting to the editors of its exchanges.

Every staff of editors should strive to make a marked advancement over previous efforts. Do not be content with imitating what past editors have done; think of something new and undertake it. In so doing, although you may not attain the extent of your desire, you may set in motion a thought which will benefit others more than all your criticisms.

And now a word with regard to the manner in which we criticise. The Art student knows by experience which sort of criticism is the more beneficial. The kindly praise is well enough at times; we all like to know that others appreciate what we have done: but we learn that the severe criticism, when taken in the right spirit, does far more toward producing good work. And it is just so among our papers. Nearly all of us are conscious of our good qualities; it is the defects we cannot see in ourselves; and it is only by knowing our failings that we learn to avoid them.

There is no issue, however well written or carefully gone over, that has not some fault, and it should be our duty as fellow-editors to warn each other against our errors, that they may not be repeated in the future. Never hesitate to criticise the faults in your exchanges. You are really doing them a greater kindness than if you lead them to believe such faults do not exist. There can be no harm in good, sound criticism, and we hope to see more of it as the year goes on.

It is often the little things that are the stumbling blocks over which we trip. Nothing is too small to be overlooked.

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